

CHARIVARIA.

ROUMANIA's motto upon advancing into Bulgaria:—"J'y suis, j'y reste"—a free translation of which is, "I am here, I Roumania."

Is it quite fair to describe the ambulance which has been devised by Mr. S. F. CODY as our first air-hospital? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Sanatoria were in the air for a very long time.

A propos, the report that a million pound hotel is to be erected on the site of St. George's Hospital has led to a curious misunderstanding among insured persons. They imagine that this new structure will be one of those sanatoria which the CHANCELLOR assured them a little while ago would be "sort of first-class hotels."

Meanwhile it is said that it is the intention of those interested in this hotel scheme also to buy up Buckingham Palace with a view to its being used as a cottage-annexe for simple-lifers.

It has been proposed, in consequence of the Suffragist outrages in the House of Commons, that the Gallery shall be closed. The idea, however, does not commend itself to certain of the Members, who must have something to play up to.

It is much more likely that members of the Public, before being admitted, will have to submit to being searched. Mr. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN hinted at this possibility the other day when he said, "In the war against evil it is not always sufficient to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip."

Now that the Plural Voting Bill is bound to become law, many Unionists are concentrating their attention on the problem of how to abolish the Singular Voting which returned the Liberals to power.

Plural Residence, which will still be permitted after the abolition of Plural Voting, is being encouraged by the Cat-and-Mouse Act, and it is proposed that some of our leading Suffragettes should print on their visiting-cards, in addition to their

private address, the address of their prison.

Voluntary contributions towards the equipment of our Defence Forces continue to come in. The lack of mounts for our Territorials seems to have struck the popular imagination, and it is said that during the past week the War Office has received from various parts of the Empire offers of an elephant, three donkeys, a couple of trained ostriches, an old-fashioned high bicycle, a run-about, and a zebra.



The Landlady (to applicant for apartments with sea-view). "THEREF, NOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR A SEA-VIEW?"

The Australian Labour Party is now agitating for a six-hours' day. We are not yet informed how many minutes there are to be in each hour.

Surprisingly low prices for old masters were realised at the sale of the late Duke of SUTHERLAND's pictures at CHRISTIE'S, and, though no living artist was in this case affected by the slump, a meeting of painters of old masters is to be held to consider the situation.

The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York is bringing an action against Mr. HAMMERSTEIN, with the object of restraining him from producing grand opera in that city before 1920. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN denies the

existence of the requisite agreement, and stigmatises his opponents as "the hyenas of grand opera." The Company, we understand, retorts that that hyena laughs longest who laughs last.

According to Mr. CHARLES B. COCHRAN the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great was founded by a Jester. Here, surely, is another pulpit for the Rev. HARRY LAUDER.

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is generous. He has now made it possible for all of us to obtain his "Divine Gift"—on paying for it.

"Bombardier WELLS and PAT O'KEEFE have signed articles to box twenty rounds at the Ring on August Bank Holiday." This, we understand, is not WAGNER's "Ring," in spite of the precedent of the *Reveries*.

Our Field Sports day by day, as pictured in *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"FIELD SPORT EDITION.
AT BISLEY.

HOOTING FOR THE EMPIRE TROPHY."

The German cruiser *Stettin* came into collision last week with the American yacht *Cassandra*. While the latter lost her jib-boom, the *Stettin* was holed above the water-line, and the yacht claims the victory.

By the way, the first prize in our International Story Competition goes, this week, to the following contribution from New York:—

"Mr. George Ensor, of Piedmont, West Virginia, while fishing near Mountindale, was attacked by more than a dozen snakes measuring from four to six feet in length. Before he could beat them off they entwined themselves about him, binding his arms, hands, and feet.

"Mr. Ensor, after vainly endeavouring to loose his arms and legs, had the presence of mind to roll over to a fire he had built to cook his meal. His clothes caught fire, and the snakes, scorched and sizzling, untwined themselves from his body.

"He then threw himself into the stream, extinguishing his burning clothes."

It looks rather as if it is not only our Territorials who find a difficulty in obtaining mounts. In an account of a recent royal function *The Liverpool Echo* says:—"After formal presentations had been made their Majesties left the station accompanied by an escort of Life Guards in open carriages."

MORE LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[In friendly imitation of Sir HERBERT TREE's recently-published *Thoughts and After-thoughts*.]

EVERY true craftsman should take joy and pride in his handiwork apart from the incident of wages. And here we may learn a lesson even from "Our Betters." There exist men and women of the loftiest birth who are so enamoured of stage-craft that they will actually pay large sums to be allowed to play the part of walking gentleman and walking lady. The words of the late ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON are their cry: "Give us the guerdon of going on!"

To get what they want is the peculiar faculty of the English race. I once met an Englishman who had made a successful tour through the Fatherland with the most limited knowledge of the vernacular. He knew only one word of German, and that was English. It was "*Beer*." Yet his needs were always satisfied.

When power passes from the hands of "Our Betters" into those of the People—a risky translation, yet many such have reached us from the original French—I shall look for the reign of Universal Peace. I have an instinctive horror of war. Apart from bloodshed—almost always a marked concomitant of sanguinary disputes—war is the enemy of Art, and distracts attention from the theatres.

I have in my time played the part of great and bloody captains like *Macbeth*, but my heart was never in the work; nor were my legs either. I would always sooner play BEETHOVEN. BEETHOVEN created; *Macbeth* destroyed. Surely there is a difference here.

The modern critic rails at the star-system. Yet it is one of those eternal arrangements which have a heavenly origin. You have only to look at the firmament on a fine night and you will see stars.

How often, as an actor-manager, have I envied mediocrity! So gentle is the treatment it gets from the critics.

The actor is independent of recognised laws—the laws that govern blank verse, for instance. He needs no education and often gets none. He requires no tools or accessories. The painter has his palette, the sculptor his chisel, the poet his blotting-pad, the musician his loud pedal; but the actor has just himself.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I had forgotten that the actor from time to time makes use of certain aids, such as grease and pigments and wigs and costumes. Also of words, generally written by somebody else. How stupid of me! What would the greatest Hamlet be without SHAKESPEARE?

The latest hand-maiden of the drama is the gramophone. It helps to correct the evanescence of the actor's triumphs, permitting posterity to appreciate what might otherwise appear incredible in the reports of the time. I myself have, by request, done two gramophone records for the British Museum—in the respective voices of *Hamlet* and *Falstaff*. In a spasm of humour I once said that I was so nervous that I spoke the speech of *Hamlet* in the voice of *Falstaff*, and that of *Falstaff* in the voice of *Hamlet*. This statement (fictional, of course, as humour so often is) was received with scepticism by a critic who suggested that I had spoken them both in the voice of BEERBOHM TREE. Even a critic, it will be recognised, may be something of a humorist.

The absence of a "fourth wall" on the stage is no doubt desirable for the sake of unbroken communication between the actors and the audience; but it is destructive to that complete illusion which is the end of all art, seeing that very few actual rooms are constructed without this feature. In my more creative moments I have thought of introducing

it at His Majesty's, and here I am happy, for once, in enjoying the support of some of my most malevolent critics.

I have been accused, by a nameless writer, of overwhelming SHAKESPEARE under an avalanche of irrelevant scenery. My final answer to these criticisms is that my revivals have paid. The ultimate test of all Art (and when I talk of Art I exclude painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is the approval of the paying public.

In the setting of a play there must either be frank convention or an attempt at complete illusion. If you cannot reproduce the atmosphere of ancient Elsinore in the grave-digger's scene, better have no scene at all. A view of the Euston Road with its monumental masonry would be an intolerable compromise.

Those who contend that we should mount SHAKESPEARE's plays in the simple manner of the Elizabethan age would, if they were consistent, demand that his female characters should be taken by males. Yet I have never heard it seriously suggested that *Juliet* should be played by Mr. BOURCHIER, or *Cleopatra* by me.

The effect of illusion can be produced by a combined effort of imagination on the part of actor and audience. Thus, if the actor imagines himself to be fat he appears fat. It is true that when playing *Falstaff* I have used material devices to produce the semblance of bulginess, but I could have done it just as well out of my own imagination, only I did not want to put too much strain on that of my collaborators in the pit.

The absolute aim of all Art (a term that excludes painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is illusion. It is not easy to be yourself (the secret of all strength), and at the same time to be somebody else (the aim of all Art). But it must be done somehow, and the true artist—by which I mean the true actor—will, while retaining his own identity intact for future use, so far merge it, for the time, in that of his character that, after creating the illusion that he is a corpse, it would be unthinkable that he should arise and appear before the curtain to take the applause of the groundlings. He would much rather that the audience should go home under the impression that he is still dead.

And, after all, what is the applause of men to the true artist? Dead to the world—for his illusory simulation of death will have deceived everybody but himself—the pulsations of his own heart, beating high with the sense of achievement, will be all the applause that he needs.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

If in the foregoing remarks I have now and then by inadvertence given vent to a vital truth, I take no credit. I am but a TREE on which a little bird has sat and sung. And these were the words that it sang:—

"Be yourself!"

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," said the little bird; "be yourself. You cannot better that!"

O. S.

The People's Laureate.

(Without prejudice to Dr. Bridges.)

Though KIPLING long had been his country's pride,
Uncrowned, except with glory,
ASQUITH ignored the People's Voice, and cried—
"But that's another 'Tory.'"

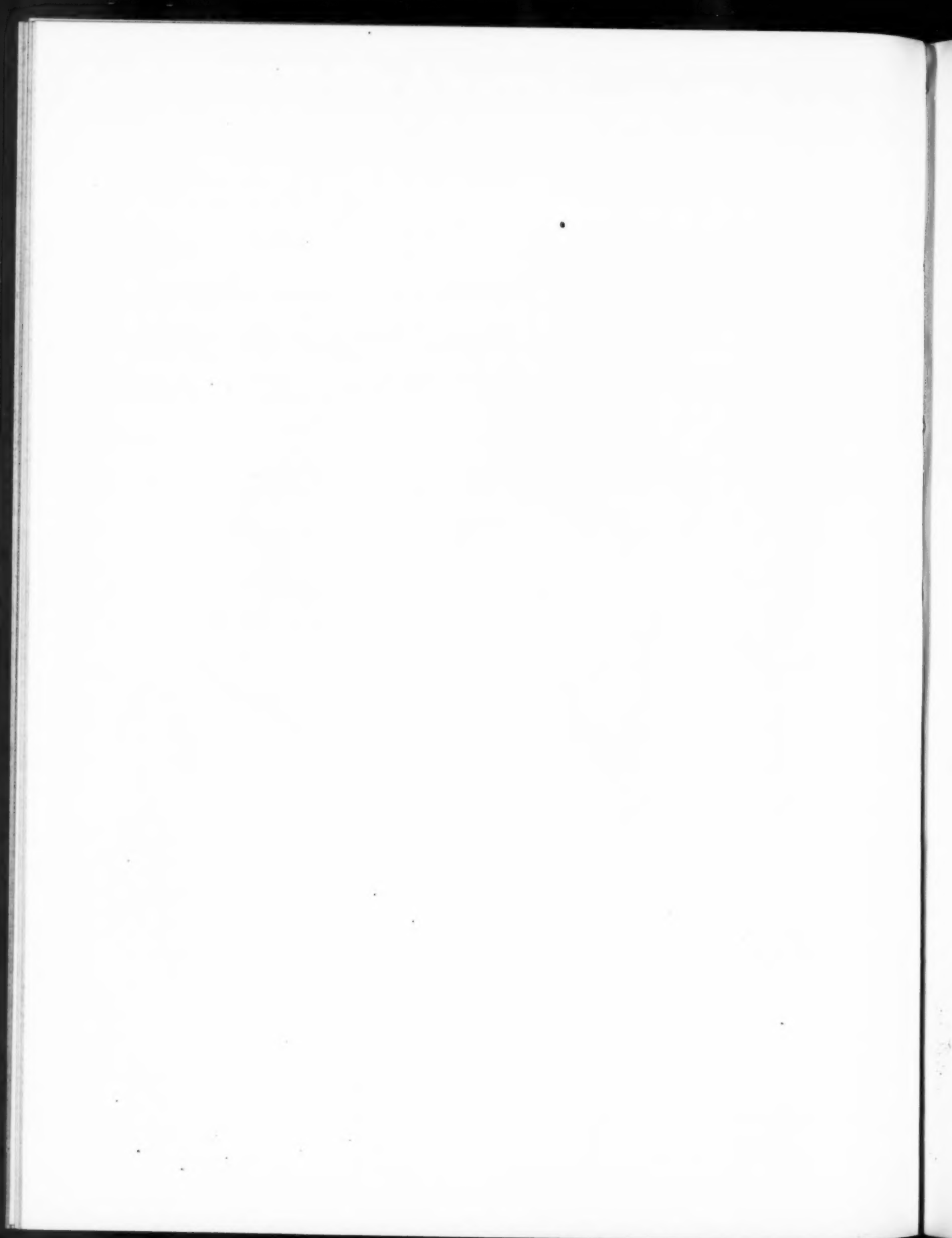
In a recent article giving hints on the furnishing of a country cottage, *The Westminster Gazette* recommended that every room should contain "one suggestive picture." Can this be the effect of the Russian Ballet on our once incorruptible contemporary?



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

DAME CURZON. "COME ALONG, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HAVE A NICE JOY-RIDE!"

MASTER ASQUITH. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY VIOLENT EXERCISE THIS SEASON; I THOUGHT OF WAITING TILL 1915."





Lynx-eyed Hubert (appearing, as usual, from nowhere). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I THINK IT MY DUTY AS A SCOUT TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU HAVE A SMUT ON YOUR NOSE."

THE BREAKING OF HENRY BOND.

Inspired by the receipt of a communication beginning:—

THE JURIES ACT, 1870.

THE TOWN CLERK OF THIS BOROUGH is required by Law to make out a true List in the following form:—

Christian and Surname at full length.	Title, Quality, Calling or Business.	Nature of Qualification.
Adams, John . . .	Gentleman. . . .	Freehold.
Alley, James . . .	Merchant (state nature of Merchandise)	Copyhold.
Bond, Henry . . .	Banker	Leasehold.
Boyd, George . . .	Grocer	Poor Rate.
Cole, Charles . . .	Butcher	House Duty.

*THERE is joy to-day at the "Crown and Anchor,"
Where the fat pint mugs they fill,
But a bitter strife and a bitter rancour
At the leasehold house on the hill—
At the leasehold house of the lordly banker
Who bent the burg to his will.*

*Gay are the peacocks that strut in his pleasaunces,
Bright are the lilies that float on his pond,
Very imposing and portly his presence is
(All save his hair, of which only a frond
Still stays on the bald pate, dabbled with essences),
Curved is the boko of Bond.*

*Proud of his place and its hireling beauty,
Thinking he walked with the world's élite,
He mocked Charles Cole and his dull House Duty,
Driving around with the morning's meat:
He spurned poor Boyd and his business fruity;
How oft in our humble street*

At the sound of his cushioned motor's sally
The reverent suburb has bared its head!
Ay, even the merchant prince, James Alley,
And Adams (John)—who is quite well-bred—
From the freehold "Court" and the copyhold "Chalet"
Have curtsied and been cut dead.

But the English law respects not mammon;
"I serve the Law," said the grave Town Clerk;
"I will write me a list there shall be no sham on,
A steel-true list; and for all his park
I shall label Bond like the vendor of gammon
With a crude commercial mark.

A gentleman! Faugh! his pride is rotten,
He lifts in the air his upstart crown,
But the glory of gold is of dust begotten,
A barren breed and of no renown;
Is coin any better than beef or cotton?
A banker shall Bond go down.

His fathers carried no blood-stained banners,
The knightly plume they have never worn;
He wants the repose of Norman manners;
I brand him here with the brand of scorn;
His sires very likely were caitiff tanners,
While John is a gentleman born."

I read thus far and I knew the canker
That grieved our burg had been cut away;
The bubble had burst of Bond the banker—
I wrote to the Clerk and said, "Hurray!
You have scored off Henry, the horrible swanker,
Good luck to you, Sir. Good day!" EVOE.



Old Lady (offering policeman a tract). "I OFTEN THINK YOU POOR POLICEMEN RUN SUCH A RISK OF BECOMING BAD, BEING SO CONSTANTLY MIXED UP WITH CRIME."

Policeman. "YOU NEEDN'T FEAR, MUM. IT'S THE CRIMINALS WOT RUNS THE RISK O' BECOMIN' SAINTS, BEIN' MIXED UP WITH US!"

THE LONG- FELT WANT.

He was sitting next to me at Lord's, and I admired him for never pointing to RHODES and saying, "There's HOBBS," as most of the other persons round me were doing. Nor did he attempt any conversation until the tea interval, when, after expressing his grief that a good game should be thus frivolously interrupted, he turned to diverse topics.

After a while he told me what he was. "I am an inventor," he said.

"And a very interesting profession," I replied.

"Nona more so," he said, "even

when one is just an ordinary inventor; but when one is sociologically imaginative—ah!"

"How does one invent?" I asked him. "That's what always bothers me. Do you sit down under a clear sky and produce your patents, or——?"

"That's what the ordinary inventor does," he said. "There's no knowing when the idea may come to him. At breakfast, in the train, in the middle of the night, even while talking to somebody. But the sociologically imaginative inventor has to prepare the way. He has first to ask himself what is wanted, and then get to work to supply that want. The cinema came that

way, for example. The inventor of my type got up one morning with a blank mind and said to himself, 'What human nature now needs is that thousands of electric palaces should spring up all over the world, in which animated photographic representations of sentiment and melodrama may beguile the tedium of life;' and straightway he invented the cinema. That is the best kind of inventing. But, to give you an example of the other kind, asbestos grates were an accident pure and simple. An inventor chanced to walk through some catacombs and noticed a great heap of skulls, and this instantly gave him the idea of asbestos fuel. You see the difference? The accidental inventors may be useful enough, but very little credit is due to them, whereas the sociologically imaginative inventors are conscious benefactors, and should have pensions and statues."

"And what are you at work on just now?" I asked him.

"Just now," he replied, "and in fact for months past, my mind is occupied with a problem, the solution of which will come as a trumpet call all over England, and perhaps even more over Scotland. Many are the householders who will rise and bless me."

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he continued, "you have, I suppose, often stayed in country houses where, the people still having some remnants of old-fashionedness left, the billiard-room is locked on Sundays?"

"I have," I replied.

"And you have noticed," he went on, "that your host or hostess has always apologised for this state of things in much the same words. 'It is not they who object, of course; you will acquit them of being so small-minded as that; but one must consider the servants.' You have heard that?"

"Often," I replied.

"As to how it would affect the servants," he proceeded, "we need not pause to consider. That is a side issue. The point is that it might. But suppose the servants did not know; suppose that some one could invent a means by which billiards could be played on Sunday in secret, then no one would mind and many dull hours could be turned to cheerfulness. Do you see?"

"Certainly I do," I said. "But how?"

"There," said he, "is where I come in—the sociologically imaginative inventor. What is wanted is a silencer for billiard balls. It is that deadly click, click that gives the show away and cuts into the very heart of the day of rest. Now if the ivory—or even bonzoline—could be muted, all would



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN EX-SWIMMING CHAMPION, ACCOMPANIED BY A FRIEND FOR TIMING, DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A SHARK AT A POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT.

be well. The mere fact that voices are heard proceeding from the billiard-room is nothing; you may sit and talk in any room on Sunday without doing the servants moral harm; it is the click, click that is fatal. My life-work then is to invent a means by which the balls shall touch in a silence as of the tomb. And," he added, "I shall do it. The word failure is not in my dictionary."

Intrepid fellow, I pray that he may.

"It was a similar fate which compelled Oliver Goldsmith to reel out Roman histories and 'Animated Natives' when he might have given us more masterpieces such as 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village.'"

Birmingham Daily Post.

Or when he might have been tucking in animated "natives."

"It is hard to believe that Sir Frederick Young, the Grand Old Man of the Royal Colonial Institute, was 97 on the longest day. He was erect, hale and hearty, and would easily pass for 5."—*London Life*.

How annoyed he must be when strange mothers pat him on the head and talk baby language to him.

"A novelty also will be provided on Monday morning by the arrival, direct from their nativity, of the two braves 'Setting Sun' and 'Running Bull.'"—*Wotem Morning News*.
So young and yet so brave.

THE BATH.

HANG garlands on the bathroom door;
Let all the passages be spruce;
For, lo, the victim comes once more,
And, ah, he struggles like the deuce!

Bring soaps of many scented sorts;
Let girls in pinafores attend,
With John, their brother, in his shorts,
To wash their dusky little friend,

Their little friend, the dusky dog,
Short-legged and very obstinate,
Faced like a much-offended frog,
And fighting hard against his fate.

No Briton he! From palace-born
Chinese patricians he descends;
He keeps their high ancestral scorn;
His spirit breaks, but never bends.

Our water-ways he fain would 'scape;
He hates the customary bath
That thins his tail and spoils his shape,
And turns him to a fur-clad lath;

And, seeing that the Pekinese
Have lustrous eyes that bulge like buds,
He fain would save such eyes as these,
Their owner's pride, from British suds.

Vain are his protests—in he goes.

His young barbarians crowd around;
They soap his paws, they soap his nose;
They soap wherever fur is found.

And soon, still laughing, they extract
His limpness from the darkling tide;
They make the towel's roughness act
On back and head and dripping side.

They shout and rub and rub and shout—
He deprecates their odious glee—
Until at last they turn him out,
A damp gigantic bumble-bee.

Released, he barks and rolls, and speeds
From lawn to lawn, from path to path,
And in one glorious minute needs
More soapsuds and another bath.

R. C. L.

Not Very Far North.

"Mr. Steffansson, on board the *Karluk*, is reported to have reached Rome on his way to the Far North."—*Times*.

We shall be glad to welcome the intrepid explorer at Cricklewood when the ice breaks up.

"The Hill Club held their first Progressive Bridge Drive on Thursday."—*South Pacific Mail*.

We can imagine it.

"Will any kind reader of THE TABLE tell NELLTOM how to put water-lilies on a menu in French?"—*The Table*.

Don't think to deceive your guests in this way, NELLTOM. At the first mouthful they will know it's water-lilies.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"CELIA," I said sternly, looking up from my paper, "I have something to say to you, child. Cease your trifling for a moment; refrain for the nonce from writing absurd messages on the back of my collar, which can only be read by others."

"They'll tell you about it," said Celia, writing busily. "It's nothing very private."

"Really, I can't think why your nurse allows you a pencil. Do you know that this collar was quite clean when I started wearing it, and that there's nearly half the month to go?"

"I am rich," said Celia. "I will buy you a third collar."

This gave me the opening I sought. I put down the paper and turned gravely to her.

"Don't buy clothes for me, woman," I said bitterly; "buy them for yourself. Heaven knows you need them."

"I knew Heaven know, but I didn't know *you* did," replied Celia gladly. "Hooray! Now I shan't feel so extravagant. Two dinner frocks, a hat, a —"

"Celia, you misunderstand me. Listen." I cleared my throat once or twice. "What I am about to read to you is from *The Times*—our first paper."

"Thank you. Our first husband," she added with a wave of the hand.

I began to read:—

"There is an orgy of undressing going on," I read, "and it shows no signs of abating." This refers to women's clothes," I explained—"an orgy of undressing."

"Oh, the shame of it!" said Celia in a shocked voice.

"Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings thick enough not to show the colour of their skins, and sufficient—er—stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons."

"Oh, fie, fie! Oh, la, Sir! How vastly improper, I declare," twittered Celia, and she swooned along the sofa.

"Nowadays, women wear almost nothing under their gowns. Petticoats—"

"Is this Russia?"

"Petticoats went some time back and were replaced by tights—"

"Where are the police?"

"Or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder, and they are not covered by any but court shoes."

"Not even by waders?" cried Celia. "Oh, say at least that they wear waders!"

I put down the paper.

"Celia," I said, "this is very distressing. There is a further passage about the muscles of the legs, or rather limbs, being visible 'halfway to the knee' which I cannot bring myself to read. What have you got to say? Any defence you care to make will be given my most careful consideration."

"Who is the writer?"

"It doesn't say. Just a woman."

"Does she say what she wears when she goes on to the top of a 'bus'?"

"My dear Celia, you don't think that anybody connected with *The Times* knows anything about the top of a 'bus? How vulgar you are!"

"I only just wondered. Ronald, are you very much embarrassed when you behold a diaphanous stocking halfway to the knee? Do you go about all day being embarrassed? Are you just one big blush?"

"I—er—of course. This orgy of undressing—er—pains me. And why do you do it? Simply because other women do it. Because," I became sarcastic—"because it's the *fashion*!"

"Men are just as bad."

"Oh, no, they're not. You don't find men doing things just because some absurd person in Paris tells them to."

Celia looked at me thoughtfully.

"Supposing," she said, "it was the fashion to wear your tie all sideways, do you mean to say you wouldn't do it?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you doing it now?"

Hastily and with as much dignity as possible I straightened my tie.

"Talking about orgies of undressing," Celia went on, "the bottom button of your waistcoat's undone."

"It always is," I said, smiling gently at her ignorance.

"Oh, horror!"

"It's just a custom. One always—you see if you—the point is—well, it's just a custom."

"It embarrasses me very much," said Celia, veiling her eyes with her handkerchief. "And why do you always turn up the ends of your trousers? Is that quite nice?"

"But surely—I mean, why—"

"It's—it's most suggestive. Anybody can see your diaphanous silk ankles. And, what is much worse, I believe they could guess the colour of your skin underneath. 'Good Heavens,' they'll say to each other, 'and I quite thought he was a little black boy.'"

"This is mere levity."

"Why do men wear much lower collars than they used to? Is it so that women can see the muscles at the back of their necks at work? Oh, horror piled on horror!"

She picked up the paper and began to read the article for herself.

"That's right," I agreed. "Ponder over it alone."

I walked over to the glass and had another go at straightening my tie.

"Ronald," said Celia suddenly, "are you a Liberal or a Conservative? I always forget."

"We are Liberals," I said. "That is to say, I am a Liberal, and you naturally desire to drop any silly Conservative ideas you may have had before marriage and become a Liberal too."

"Are you a supporter of the Government?"

"As long as Asquith behaves himself we support the Government. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. Only this article rather hints that woman's passion for undress has a good deal to do with politics. The writer wonders how much 'our almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck owe to Mr. Asquith's indifference to stable government.' So you see it's really *your* fault that I am so entirely improper. Yours and—er—Mr. Birrell's. Is it Mr. Birrell, by the way? I always forget. I mean the man at the Irish Office who won't let me wear top boots when I'm paying a call."

"Birrell," I said absently. I took the paper from her and slowly finished the article.

"Well!" I said. "Well, of all the—How perfectly—Really, *The Times* ought to know better. I've never read anything so ridiculous."

"It is rather a stupid article," said Celia indifferently.

"Stupid?" I said. "It's perfectly absurd." A. A. M.

"The Yarmouth steam drifter Cicero landed a small bottle-nosed sharp at Scarborough yesterday. It had been caught in the herring nets fourteen miles off the port."

Glasgow Evening Times.

Bottle-nosed sharps should stick closer to the race meetings, and then they wouldn't get into trouble.

"Invalid lady requires as lodger good-sized sunny, airy bedroom."

Hampstead Advertiser.

Quiet, domesticated apartment preferred, used to children.

"BEAUTY AT THE BUTTS."

A LADY SHOT AT BISLEY."

Glasgow News.

We are very sorry to hear of this *contretemps*. But people should never frequent the environs of the target while firing is in progress. It lays them open, in the event of an accident, to a charge of contributory negligence.

WORD PICTURES.

I HAVE had to give up reading Cricket reports. It is no good. "At 11.30 the two over-night not-outs—(6) and (13) respectively—faced the bowling of . . ." You know! I can't say why it is, but it doesn't grip me any more. It leaves me cold. But, after all, I am conscious of no gap in my intellectual life. For I have found a splendid substitute.

I wish it to be understood that I know nothing, literally nothing, about the game of Base Ball. I have never seen it, discussed it or heard it described. My mind is entirely free from the slightest vestige of information. And thus the reading of accounts of Base Ball matches becomes for me an exercise of the purest romance. It calls up before me vague compelling pictures, opens up for me delightful avenues of conjecture. And by now I am wholly engrossed in this pursuit. I must make it quite clear that I get my reports only from the best and most reputable of Transatlantic magazines, where the question is soberly discussed and the writing might almost be classed as literature. But it stirs me all the same. Who would not care to know that "a teasing fly was sent perhaps seventy feet back of the bag"? Perhaps a certain element of slang does creep in at times. At least I have wondered if it is considered quite elegant to speak of "the batter pushing down a sacrifice bunt." But I love to try to imagine him doing it. Then it is so refreshing to talk about "an inning"—so unhackneyed. And there is another most refreshing thing to one whose perceptions have become jaded by our ceaseless centuries. To make a run is such a tremendous event! In one match that I read of recently, this never occurred till "the second half of the sixth."

The beauty of it is that one can have such an enormous amount of pure entertainment with so small a measure of enlightenment. There is no danger as yet that I shall come to understand the process of the game and thus lose the keen edge of my enjoyment. All that I have been able to glean after weeks of delighted study is what I may call a faint flavour of Rounders. But I somehow have a notion that to "rearrange your pitching assignments" may be equivalent to changing the bowling. But how in the world do you "push a run over the plate"? It is very commonly done. On the other hand I have only read of one "pitcher" so far capable of "trotting out his reverse hook."

It is a magnificent game. There is



"DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE SOME OF THIS NICE BREAD-AND-BUTTER BEFORE YOU START ON CAKES?" "NO!" "TUT-TUT! NO WHAT?" "NO FEAR!"

nothing quite like it. It is so full of picturesque and sudden touches. I read of a ball not long ago that "struck that section of the fence which means a new suit to the batsman." How feeble in comparison is our Hat-trick! And then there is the "Pennant." That is always cropping up. I imagine it to be some special reward of valour.

I am getting so enthusiastic about it all that I sometimes wonder if I have become a "Fan." If so I must be a "Paper Fan," I think, though I have already made up my mind that if ever I am present at a game I shall take a seat "back of the catcher." Take my word for it, that is the place. From no other point can one "criticise the curves." I am convinced that if any "Freak Plays" occur I shall get absolutely "roiled up." That, I am told, is what happens to the crowd.

But just think of it! Compare it!

". . . At 11.30 the over-night not outs—6 and 13 respectively—faced the bowling of—"

"Captain Charles Charleton performed the extraordinary feat of navigating his vessel a distance of 15,000 miles to Queenstown without the aid of a single officer. The voyage occupied 108 days. Charleton . . . slept on the poop of the ship on a cabin chair during most of the 108 days."—*Financial Times*.

One of those tame ships that practically navigate themselves.

"Drama, the most recent capture by the Greek army from the Bulgarians, is a Turkish town."—*Manchester Guardian*.

It should be much more thrilling as a Greek Drama.

Nasty Accident to Russian Girl.

"A Russian girl was struck by the unceremonious waving of the hand which accompanies a parting."—*Daily Mail*.



"DRESS AND UNDRESS."

First Guest. "THAT MRS. ASTERISK'S A PRETTY WOMAN, AND SHE AIN'T BADLY GOT UP; BUT SHE LOOKS ALL WRONG SOMEHOW."

Second Guest. "OF COURSE SHE DOES. THE RIDICULOUS WOMAN PERSISTS IN WEARING HER BACKBONE, AND BACKBONES ARE QUITE GONE OUT."

THE BUGBEAR.

It was a buff card, covered with sinister and menacing prohibitions and commands, and entitled "In the matter of Steggle (Jane), No. 9,773,143."

He was a man of downright character, actuated by strong likes and dislikes. At the moment his strong likes were in abeyance; for his charwoman, call her Steggle (Jane) or No. 9,773,143 as you please, he felt neither one way nor the other. As for the buff card, in "the week commencing Monday, 14 April, 1913," it left him cold; in "the week commencing Monday, 21 April, 1913," it bored him stiff, and in "the week commencing Monday, 28 April, 1913," it brought his worst side uppermost, and caused him to offer his soul to the devil, that he might be quit of all further Mondays. But the ten more of these named on the card relentlessly ensued, and upon each of them yet another week "commenced." As he dealt with them one by one his temper grew worse, and by the time he got to

the last of them, "the week commencing Monday, 7 July," all the blood in his system had mounted to his head. Having then fixed the last stamp in its place with a terrible thump, he sought for an opportunity of making his feelings known.

There was a space at the bottom of the buff card, about the only space left on it, and it was specially Reserved for the use of Society or Insurance Commissioners. Let him touch it if he dare! My word, if he had the impertinence to write in it, there would be the dickens and all to pay!

He took a pen with a big broad nib, and dipped it into the blue-black ink. On second thoughts he took a pen with a fine nib and dipped it into the red ink. Then, in his smallest hand, he wrote in the place most exclusively reserved for the use of the Elect:—

"If you suppose that I am going to waste the best part of my life and fortune over your vile cards, and not write where I like, you misconceive the situation. Damme, I've paid for it

and I'm going to write on it. Fine me, and I shan't pay; put me in quod, and I shan't care. Give me five years' penal servitude, and I'll laugh at you. I know you well enough not to believe that you'll keep me there and lose my threepence a week for five years."

You might gather from this that he was a man who disliked parting with his money, loathed the necessity for regular habits, had strong political prejudices. On the contrary, he was generous, methodical, impartial and fair-minded to a degree. But there was one thing he could not stand, and that was the word "commence."

"A Reuter's telegram from the Hague states that the Queen has entrusted Dr. Bos with the formation of a cabinet."

Pall Mall Gazette.

And our only authority on foreign affairs heads this "NEW BELGIAN CABINET." We shall look for an editorial note on the subject—possibly in the form of a dozen front-page articles.



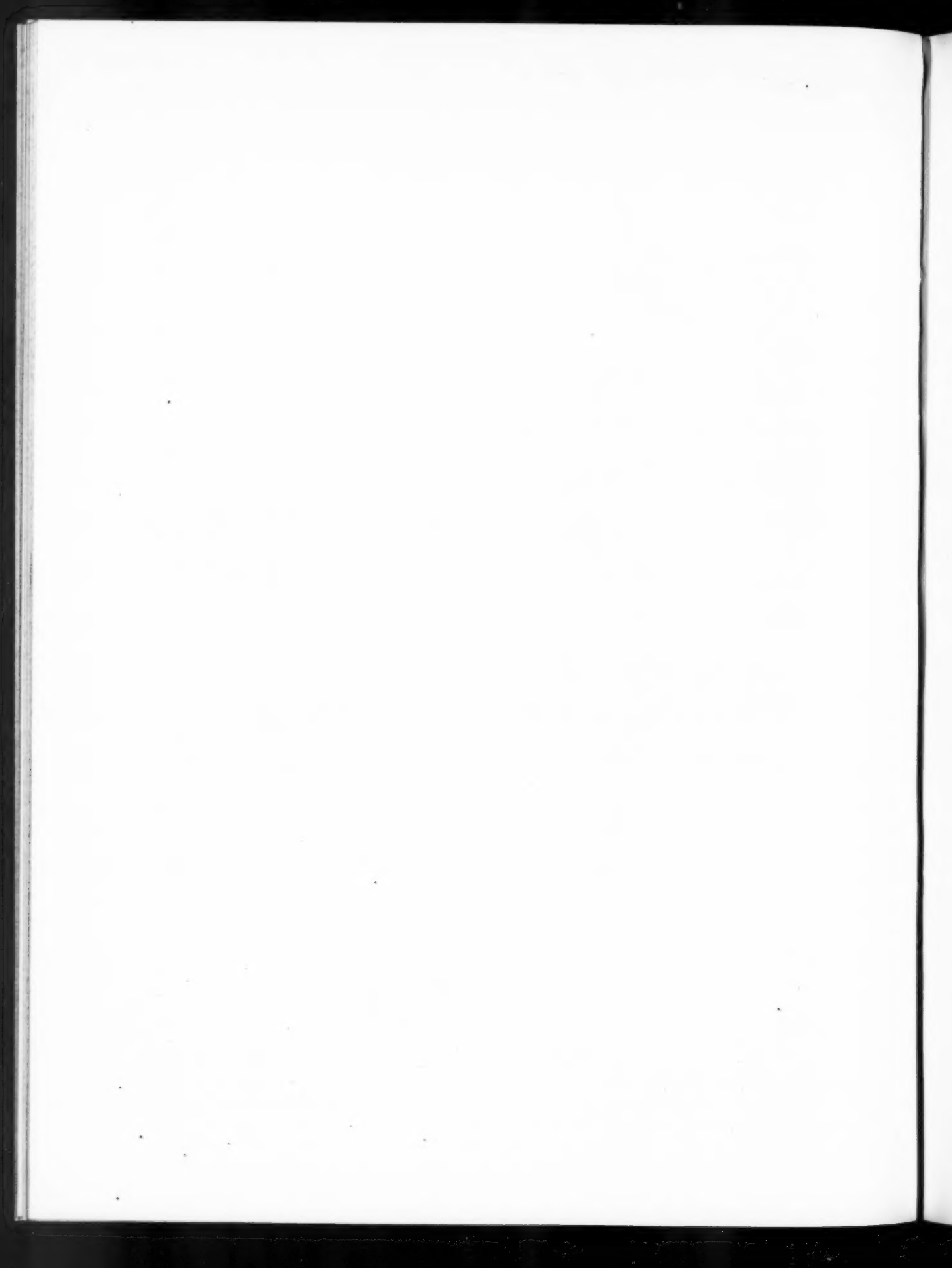
A BROKEN LULLABY.

EUROPE. "OH HUSH THEE, MY BABY!"

THE INFANT ALBANIA. "HOW CAN I HUSH ME WITH ALL THIS INFERNAL NOISE GOING ON?"

EUROPE. "WELL, YOU MUST DO AS I DO, AND PRETEND YOU DON'T HEAR IT."

[At last week's meeting the Ambassadors were still chiefly occupied with Albania. The question of the attitude of the Powers towards the present Balkan crisis was not discussed.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



THE CALL TO WESTMINSTER. TO ARMS! NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.—Self-appointed task of undermining Constitution assumed by reckless Government makes further progress. To-day sees beginning of end of that prop of an ancient Empire—the Plural Voter. Bill decreeing his abolition completes the quartette of revolutionary measures going on to the Lords. Would imagine that in such circumstances House would be crowded, seething with excitement. On the contrary, benches more than half empty. PRETYMAN,

rising to move rejection of Bill, was not encouraged by a cheer. Behind him as he stood at the Table sat dejected figures of BONNER LAW and ROBERT FINLAY, sole occupants of Front Opposition Bench. The House had come to bury the Plural Voter, not to praise him. With unconscious dramatic instinct it assumed attitude and expression suitable to melancholy circumstance.

Though this was the underlying fact there is no doubt that Mr. STANIER contributed to prevalent depression. At Question time he had not fewer than six queries on the Paper dealing with subject of swine fever. His interrogations formed a series of chapters succinctly chronicling condition of pigs in Holland. They seem to have a weary time in the Netherlands. It will be remembered that in the educational schedule at Dotheboys Hall there was regular recurrence of what was known in the establishment as "Brimstone morning." On such occasions the boys, mustered in the school-room, had administered to them in due order large spoonfuls of brimstone and treacle.

As Mrs. Squeers explained to Nicholas Nickleby, "If they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd always be ailing."

Same principle adopted in Holland in case of pigs. Should any one of them display symptoms of swine fever, not only he but every pig in the parish is dosed. No use any one of them observing in guttural Dutch, "I'm feeling particularly well this morning; never felt fitter in my life!" There, ready at hand, is the equivalent of the spoon and the bucket of brimstone and treacle. He is straightway dosed.

To vary CANNING's commentary:—In matters of medicine the fault of the Dutch is, not asking too little, but giving too much. STANIER's six questions made this



Captain PRETYMAN supports the "prop of an ancient Empire."



Mr. HOGGE makes a calculation.

clear. Mr. HOGGE naturally listened with exceptional attention. On other less directly personal topics himself a champion supplementary-questioner, he regarded with envy opportunity of Member for Newport. If, "arising out of that answer," STANIER put only two Supplementary Questions for each enquiry on the printed paper, there would be eighteen.

This was counting without the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE, to whom the catechism was addressed.

"With the hon. gentleman's permission," said RUNCIMAN, when STANIER resumed his seat after putting his first question, "in answering Number 36 I will also answer Numbers 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41."

He did so in briefest non-committal Ministerial fashion.

It is this kind of thing that sours the minds of private Members, making them sometimes doubt whether, subjected to such treatment, parliamentary life is worth living on £400 a year.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill read a third time by 293 votes against 222.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Home Rule Bill. House presents spectacle seen only two or three times in life of a Parliament. On approach of division every seat was filled. Had Lord CREWE turned his head to regard benches behind him, on ordinary occasion more than half-empty, he would have beheld a rare refreshing sight. Beneath the serried mass not a strip of red leather cushion showed. Seemed as if old times had come again, and that Liberal Party had re-established condition of equality in numbers with the adversary.

What actually happened was that, every castled cranny of the kingdom having been swept of noble tenants bidden to Westminster to bash the Home Rule Bill, there was not room for them in the Unionist camp. Accordingly strayed into alien quarters.

Even this temporary accommodation did not suffice. Peers who could not find sitting room on either side thronged passages right and left of Woolsack. Behind them, within rails fencing in the Throne, were packed a mass of Privy Councillors. The side galleries allotted to use of Peeresses were garlanded with fair women, whose towering plumes HENRY OF NAVARRE might have envied for their whiteness.

To lookers-on familiar with daily

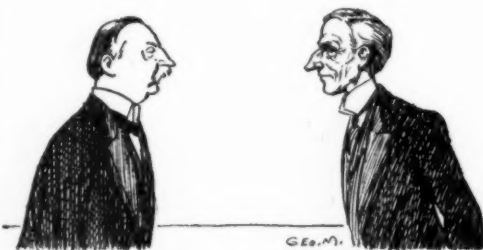
custom in the Commons, striking feature in the historic gathering was its imperturbability. Cheers were infrequent and decorously subdued. Laughter was rare. Of excitement there was no trace. Even when division was called, there was no rush towards the Lobby doors. No peer demeaned his order by quickening his step. With assurance of Civil



The Member for Newport introduces the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE to the Dutch Pig.

War in the near future they sauntered out as if in ordinary quest of hat and umbrella.

Only once in debate was there apparent danger of personal altercation. It came at final stage when Lord MORLEY was replying on debate. LONDONDERRY interposed statement that in the other House the IRISH SECRETARY had hinted that, in case of outbreak of Orange forces in protest against enactment of Home Rule Bill, English troops would not be ordered to shoot. Whereupon the PREMIER nodded assent.



Lord LONDONDERRY informs Lord MORLEY that he wants something more than a nod.

"What I want to know," quoth the MARQUIS, "is, do the Government endorse Mr. ASQUITH's nod?"

Out of Ireland the process unfamiliar. In this effete country you may endorse a cheque but not a nod. MORLEY declined to make the experiment suggested.

"Very well," retorted the fiery (best Wallsend) LONDONDERRY. "I will tell the noble Viscount that a nod is not good enough for us."

Whether a wink would have been more acceptable he did not say.

Business done.—Second Reading of Home Rule Bill negatived by 302 against 64.

House of Commons, Friday.—During week FOREIGN SECRETARY bombarded with questions about state of affairs in the Balkans. He returns the diplomatic answer that does not turn away curiosity. Final attempt to force his hand made by raising debate on motion for adjournment. Statesmen below Gangway on Ministerial side, who are urging recall of Lord GLADSTONE because he authorised employment of Imperial troops to save Johannesburg from rapine, now suggest that England should step in and "impose peace" on the belligerents.

"How is that to be done?" inquired the imperturbable EDWARD GREY. "Am I to come down to the House and ask for a vote of credit in order to use the forces of the Crown to impose peace on Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria? If the vote be given how are the forces going to be used?"

Statesmen below Gangway regard that as no business of theirs. What they desire is that they shall have direction of foreign policy, leaving small details such as those suggested to Ministers who are paid for doing the work.

Incidentally disclosure is made of Secret Treaty between Greece and Serbia for partition of spoils when they shall have beaten Bulgaria.

"What if none remain?" SARK asks. "Situation recalls a couplet written by POPE after the signing of the Peace of Utrecht, within twelve months of two hundred years ago:—

Now Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales."

Apply second line to Balkans, and see how history repeats itself.

Business done.—Hurrying on with intent to prorogue on 15th

prox.

"Hay is so abundant in Sark this year that many animals are giving it to animals as bedding."—*Guernsey Weekly Press.* Let us take an example from this, dear friends.

"The time-worn phrase, with its thousand jocular applications, 'C'est le premier pas qui toute.'"—*Glasgow News.*

Our contemporary makes it seem quite fresh.



First M.F.H. (greeting neighbour and sometime rival Master). "HULLO, OLD CHAP, COME IN AND HELP US."

Neighbour. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

First M.F.H. "JUST ARRANGING WHAT WE 'RE GOIN' TO SHOW."

Neighbour. "OH! THOUGHT YOU WERE PICKING OUT SOME TO DRAFT."

BAZAR.

Dive in from the sunlight, smiting like a falchion,
Underneath the awnings to the sudden shade,
Saunter through the packed lane, many-voiced,
colourful,
Rippling with the currents of the South and
Eastern trade.

Here are Persian carpets, ivory and peach-bloom,
Tints to fill the heart of any child of man,
Here are copper rose-bowls, leopard-skins, emeralds,
Scarlet slippers curly-toed and beads from
Kordofan.

Water-sellers pass with brazen saucers tinkling;
Hajjis in the doorways tell their amber beads;
Buy a lump of turquoise, a scimitar, a neckerchief
Worked with rose and saffron for a lovely lady's
needs.

Here we pass the goldsmiths, copper, brass and
silver-smiths,
All a-clang and jingle, all a-glint and gleam;
Here the silken webs hang, shimmering, delicate,
Soft-hued as an afterglow and melting as a dream.

Buy a little blue god brandishing a sceptre,
Buy a dove with coral feet and pearly breast,
Buy some ostrich feathers, silver shawls, perfume jars,
Buy a stick of incense for the shrine that you
love best.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

(After reading about the curative power of colours.)

WHEN first I saw you, Thomas, and I noted
Your noisy headgear and your blatant tie,
The startling tints in which you went waistcoated,
Your socks' assaults upon the passing eye,
I murmured, "Here we have a nut indeed,
One of the good old Barcelona breed."

I realised our suburb would be duller,
Its streets with paler radiance imbued,
Reft of your decorative scheme of colour,
But yet I've often wished the thing less crude,
Have often wished the dress that you put on
Less imitative of the Union John.

But now I know I may have been unfeeling
In thinking that you wished me to admire;
You may be only one whom need of healing
Has driven to medicinal attire.
You may feel my disgust, or even more,
When you assume "the mixture as before."

If that be so, expressive of my sorrow
I dedicate these simple strains to you.
Say you forgive me, Thomas, and to-morrow
Drop me a line to tell me how you do,
With details, for I greatly wish to know
Where lurks the pain—the tummy or the toe.

THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE.

Paragraph inserted by Theodore Noke in the "Mutual Help" column of "Chirpy Bits."

Young Gentleman (residing in Streatham) desires male companion for fortnight's unconventional holiday on Continent. August. Good walker. Interested in bird life and old churches. Anxious to get right off beaten track. Smattering of French. Box 113.

Letter from Tinklett and Co. to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

DEAR SIR,—May we call your attention to the fact that our firm has been stuffing and mounting birds, reptiles, animals, etc., to the complete satisfaction of many thousands of clients for the last ninety years?

The high standard of our workmanship has been testified to by a famous Professor for whom we successfully preserved a unique pink-eyed canary in 1893. We can also boast of Royal patronage, having replaced the glass eyes of a stuffed owl for H.H. Prince Bingo of Cumberbundia only a few years ago. We therefore place ourselves at your service with every confidence. Faithfully yours,

TINKLETT AND CO.

Letter from James Bunt to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

DEAR SIR,—“Everwear” special walking and climbing boots, which I supply at 22s. 6d., including spiral-tipped, solid leather laces, are absolutely the finest on the market. This claim has been recently endorsed by the fatality which overtook a prominent Alpinist who was unhappily killed in the Austrian Tyrol a few months ago. Although the body of the unfortunate climber was shockingly mangled, his “Everwear” boots were only slightly perforated.

If you will kindly let me know your size I shall be happy to forward several pairs for your selection.

Thanking you in anticipation,
I am, Yours faithfully,

JAS. BUNT.

Letter from William Drinkwater to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

SIR,—May I crave your generosity for a very sad case of destitution I was once in a position to go abroad on holidays myself but business losses which was not my fault but was caused by Misfortune only have brought me to a state of absolute destitution and indeed of starvation and I implore you Sir to help me which you will never regret Sir you are young and fortunate please help one who was once a young Gentleman himself Sir I have not eat a square Meal for near three weeks and oblige Yours respectfully,

WM. DRINKWATER.

Marked items in Catalogue sent by "The Excelsior Book Stores" to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office:—

"A BIRD IN THE HAND."

NEW NOVEL

by

J. P. MIGGERS.

Price 4s. 6d.

"THE CHURCH MILITANT."

A COURSE OF SERMONS BY THE

REV. W. M. STICKLEBACK.

Price 5s. 0d.

"HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH LIKE A NATIVE IN THREE WEEKS,"

BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.

Price 2s. 6d.

"ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN."

A GUIDE TO CORRECT BEHAVIOUR ON

ALL OCCASIONS,

by

A PEER OF THE REALM.

Price 6d.

Letter from the Rev. P. Pinker of Streatham to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

MY DEAR SIR,—I see that you are interested in old churches, which emboldens me to invite your assistance in connection with our St. Aloysius Belfry Restoration and Completion Fund. The total sum required is £750, towards which we have collected up to the present £62 14s. 7½d. and a gift in kind of 1,000 bricks.

Although St. Aloysius cannot perhaps accurately be described as "old" in the sense of the term usually applied to ecclesiastical erections, it was built as far back as 1802. Moreover it is credibly asserted that it stands on or near the site of a Roman Temple erected about the year 47 (I cannot for the moment recall whether B.C. or A.D.).

Your love of birds prompts me to add that three years ago a robin built its nest in one of our organ pipes, and in spite of grave inconvenience to the organist we allowed it to remain for several months.

In these circumstances may I confidently solicit your help? Donations should be sent to me and all cheques should be crossed.

Yours very truly, P. PINKER.

Letter from the Editor of "Chirpy Bits" to Theodore Noke.

DEAR SIR,—All the communications received in response to your paragraph in our "Mutual Help" column have been promptly forwarded to you. I am sorry if none of them have proved satisfactory, but of course we cannot guarantee anything.

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR.

Letter from Theodore Noke to Mrs. Digger, of No. 4, Seaview Terrace, Blewsea.

DEAR MRS. DIGGER,—Will you kindly

reserve me a room from August 9 to 23? The same arrangements as usual, including the use of the bathroom twice a week. I suppose your charge will be as before—30s. a week inclusive.

Yours truly, T. NOKE.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

(After some of our Contemporaries.)

CHARGED at Fine Street with driving to the common danger, a chauffeur named Herbert Tibbits, who was said to have collided with a lamp-post, cannoned into an undertaker's window, and run amok through a meeting of Militants, pleaded that he was endeavouring to avoid running over a bluebottle. Tibbits, who was defended by the S.P.C.A., was let off with a caution.

An elderly gentleman was about to cross the road at Piccadilly Circus when a motor-bus suddenly bore down in his direction, and only his presence of mind in remaining on the pavement averted what might have been a serious accident.

For a wager Hugo Schmelz, a one-legged Swiss waiter, has undertaken to hop round the world, supporting himself on the way by giving exhibitions of yodelling. Schmelz expects to complete his task by July, 1959.

A bull entered a house in Frumington where an auction sale was in progress, and several valuable lots were knocked down.

A Balham Green man has invented a noiseless barrel-organ.

The Mayoress of Toddleton has given birth to triplets. This is the first recorded instance in the history of the borough of the mayoral term being distinguished in such a way, and in honour of the event it is proposed to revive the office of Town Crier.

At Muggleswick a goat has acted as foster-mother to a litter of white mice.

A cuneiform inscription recently unearthed at Hidji-Khû reveals the fact that rag-time was prevalent in Egypt in the middle of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

A purple-crested pilliwig, one of the rarest visitors to the British Isles, has been seen flying in the neighbourhood of Vandlebury, but so far all attempts to shoot it have been unsuccessful.

Under the auspices of the Auxiliary Service League and in the interests of the Entente a party of British charwomen leaves London to-day on a visit to Paris, where several municipal functions have been arranged in their honour.

"A warm maternal heart beats under the Vicereine's petticoat."

Amrita Bazar Patrika.

In the light of this *The Times'* correspondent will have to revise her indictment of women's clothes.



The Wife (triumphantly). "THERE YOU ARE, GEORGE! NOW YOU LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I TOLD YOU TO GET YOURSELF A NICE YACHTIN' 'AT!'"

THE CREED OF SUCCESS.

[“Dulness has its penalties. Vivacity and courage have their certain victories.”—*The Times* on a recent *cause célèbre*.]

I THANK thee, *Times*, for thy consoling phrase,
Though formerly men praised the grace Batavian;
But that was in the mid-Victorian days
Ere WALKLEY coined the epithet of “Shavian”;
Ere we had learned to crown with lavish bays
Outlandish dancers, Spanish and Moldavian;
Ere NIETZSCHE hurled into the black abyss
The crude insensate creed of Altruism.

How far it seems, that quaint, old-fashioned age
When people filled their albums with “confessions,”
And duly noted on a pinkish page
Their prejudices and their prepossessions;
With prudish zeal or puritanic rage
Rebuking genius for the least transgressions,
And always choosing BAYARD as their hero
Instead of CASANOVA or of NERO!

So was it also with their heroines, who
Were stuffy when they were not suicidal,
Like Mrs. FRV, or that insipid crew
Who congregated round the sage of Rydal,
Or JOAN OF ARC—poor things, they never knew
Us whose vivacity will brook no bridle,
Who give our Sundays up to bridge or snooker
And see no filthiness in any lucre.

I’ve never taken as my moral guide
That superstitious peasant, JOAN OF ARC;
Her birth was low, her style of dress defied
The rules laid down by milliners of mark;

I don’t object because she rode astride,
Some quite smart girls ride that way in the Park;
I simply ask, did any millionaire
Espouse her cause or make her his sole heir?

I know that some profess to idolize
GRACE DARLING, who, a lighthouse-keeper’s daughter,
Aroused one night by shipwrecked sailors’ cries,
Rowed out to save them o’er the stormy water;
The deed no doubt was brave, but was it wise
Judged by the one true test—the cash it brought her?
Besides, her social status was obscure;
There was no pathos in her dying poor.

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA—there
You had a woman lacking erudition,
Of dubious antecedents, but of rare
Attractions and implacable ambition,
Who let no scruples alter or impair
Her steadfast will; who never knew contrition;
While as for enemies or even bores
She lopped their heads off constantly in scores.

I hold that life lacks all refreshing fruit
When need of pelf produces melancholy,
But yields a prospect of unbounded loot
If only you are resolute and jolly.
In short, the impecunious, if astute,
May make an honest living out of folly.
I think, in fine, “vivacity and courage”
Give flavour to the Cup of Life—like borage.

THE NEW MILITANCY.

ADOLPHUS had entered the smoke-room with an intense look on his face.

I instantly retreated behind *The Daily Telegraph*—which affords better cover than any newspaper in England—but he had sighted me.

"Just the very man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I particularly need your advice." And he sat down very close beside me.

I never knew Adolphus when he did not particularly need my advice. He goes about the world collecting advice and ignoring it. I have often thought of advising him to ask my advice.

"You see I have always regarded you as a level-headed man of the world," he began.

I looked as level-headed and worldly as possible and said, "What is it, old man?"

"It hasn't been formally announced yet, but I'm engaged."

"Ah! And you want to know how to get out of it?"

From his face I knew that I was near the mark, but he protested.

"Certainly not," he said. "It's this way. I didn't know that she was a strong politician. Of course she talks intelligently about affairs—says that LLOYD GEORGE ought to be banished to Bogotá, and so forth—but she gave me no reason to suppose that she held exceptional opinions on politics. Well, I took her in my car to-day to see an old aunt of mine. When I brought the car home again I found that she had left her bag in it. It was merely clasped, not locked, and it felt rather heavy. I wondered if she had left her purse in it. If so, I had better take it back at once. If not, it could wait till I saw her to-morrow. Well, I opened it."

"Letters from a rival?" I interposed. "No, no. I am far too strong an attraction. What I found was a hammer and half-a-dozen pebbles."

"My poor friend!" I said, and patted him soothingly on the back.

"Now what am I to do?" asked the unhappy Adolphus.

"There are various courses of action before you," I replied. "You can break off the engagement at once. You can say that as she proposes to go to prison, she *ipso facto* proposes to desert you. You can say that, if she burned down the House of Commons or Westminster Abbey after you were married, your estate would be held responsible for the damage. Another injustice to man."

"But I don't want to break it off," said Adolphus.

"In that case you must fall into line

with her. Husband and wife should be as one. Go into the movement; become an active militant. You're quite a stone too heavy and a hunger-strike would do you a world of good. Besides, you used to have a fine throw-in from the out-field. You're just the man for the Strangers' Gallery."

Adolphus shook his head. "It's not that I'm absolutely opposed to the movement, but, frankly, I never cared much for the idea of prison."

"Coward. You want to save your miserable skin. Why, when you're married you may be glad of solitary confinement. However, if you refuse either to break it off or to become a militant, my advice is to temporise. Say nothing. Let sleeping dogs lie. Of course in this case it's a woman, and awake, but the principle's the same."

"Thanks very much," replied Adolphus. "I shall consider your advice very carefully. I shall do nothing hurriedly. Rely on me."

The next evening he burst jubilantly into the club library.

"Congratulate me," he cried. "It's all right. Have a drink!"

"Then she's made you join the Men's League for Women's Suffrage," I said. "Well, you'll stand a hunger-strike better than you would a drink-strike."

"I've not joined. She's all right. There isn't a nicer girl in England. I put it to her straight, and what do you think she is?"

I hate riddles about women, and said so.

"She's just a militant anti-militant," cried the triumphant Adolphus. "She just has a shy at any militants' windows whenever she passes them."

"And I dared to suggest that you should break off your engagement to this noble girl!" I exclaimed. "Adolphus, I ask your pardon, and will myself defray the charges of the refreshment which you proposed. . . . My toast, old man! The future Mrs. Adolphus, and more power to her elbow!"

"John Harris, of Trelill, St. Kew, was on his way to Delabole slate quarries yesterday, and on reaching the lower part of Pengelly, collided with another workman (Mr. J. A. Parsons). Harris was thrown into Mr. Dawe's window, receiving several cuts."

Western Morning News.

MR. PARSONS gives the impression of being rather quick-tempered.

"Miss Lily Yeats and Miss Elizabeth Yeates, the sisters of Mr. Miss Elizabeth Yeates, the sisters of Mr. Industries, which include a printing press worked entirely by women for printing books by Irish writers."

Midland Counties Advertiser.

It is terrible to be left in a state of uncertainty like this.

CHAMELEON HENS.

EUGENIC theories are apparently making headway in the poultry world. *The Daily Mirror* of July 17 has it that Mr. CHARLES WORTHINGTON, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., has doubled the egg yield from his fowls by surrounding them with gaudy colours. He painted their town red and always wore a red robe and mask while feeding the hens. Some further experiments by Mr. T. Thorne Baker, *The Daily Mirror* scientific expert, with hens in a scarlet environment, have resulted in eggs with a distinct orange tint!

Mr. *Punch's* own Oologist is not going to take this challenge lying down, or even sitting. He can produce an Orpington from the Bouverie Street roof-chicken-run that is a perfect chameleon at the game. During the last visitation of a pea-soup fog her eggs so harmonised in hue with their surroundings as to be completely invisible when laid, and so could not be found at all. He has a still more sympathetic and intelligent bird in a coop next the north-east chimney-pot. This remarkable fowl, a black-and-tan Congolese, has developed her chromatic sense to such a degree that she promptly responds with the complementary tone to that presented to her gaze for the time being.

On being shown, for example, the office-boy's orange tie the other day, she triumphantly weighed in on the spur of the moment with a product of royal purple.

We have, besides, a speckled Wyandotte that has lately taken up Post-Impressionism. Her speciality is cuboids and icosahedrons with pea-green and vermilion cross-hatchings.

But we do not think it fair to press these devoted creatures too far, or to try practical jokes upon them, such as a repetition of the classic instance of the Scotch plaid and the too-imitative chameleon. No Highlander, therefore, in his native garb can be allowed to inspect our elevated fowl-run. Nuts, also, are requested to subdue their taste in socks when on a visit.

The hen, however, who is most loyal and most thoroughly imbued with the *genius loci* is an adventurous bird who fluttered down the other day into Mr. *Punch's* own sanctum, and, after paying her respects to a certain venerable and venerated model figure, has ever after laid eggs with a marked dorsal protuberance.

ZIG-ZAG.

"FOR SALE.—One pair Orangoutangs, tame like children."—Advt. in "*Statesman*."

Still, somehow children look nicer about the house.



OUR CADDIES' TEA-FIGHT.

First Caddie (pointing with his thumb to another caddie further up the table, who is eating with his knife in his mouth). "LOOK AT OLD BILL, GOING RAHND THE WHOLE COURSE WIV 'IS IRON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hunt the Slipper (STANLEY PAUL), by MR. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, is the sort of book that must give pleasure all round, and it is obvious from the swing of it that it was something of a joy-ride to the author. Far be it from me to attempt a *précis* of the plot, for never was an egg so full of meat. To begin with, a splendid old Englishman, retired general and active member of Quarter Sessions, sets out to the States in search of a grand-daughter. To end with, there are in New York the happiest possible terminations of the many complexities, mostly matrimonial, that ensue. One particular charm the tale has, that its characters in turn tell their part in the first person and very naively reveal themselves in the process. The J.P. starts it in a spirit of almost pathetic restraint; a swindler and a daughter of pleasure carry it on in a vein of tragic realism; others give it a help along, and the irresponsible boy of the piece ends it with a burst of laughter. What matter if that ending be a shade too happy to be consistent with the tragedy of the middle? As one of the narrators observes, there is enough trouble in the world without harping on it; and the chosen text of the book is, after all, true: "*Il y a des honnêtes gens partout*," including, I feel at this moment of completion, Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, myself, and, no doubt, the reader.

The nicest thing about being a sporting novelist is that you can jump a stone wall of improbability without changing feet on the top. If you supposed that the ingenious

testator had already done all he could to complicate the course of fiction, you reckoned without Mrs. CONYERS and Sandy Married (METHUEN). By the will of an uncle, Hildebrand Hannyside and Araminta Mellicombe were obliged either to keep up a racing stable until they won the Grand National, or to maintain their devout scruples, Evangelical and High Church respectively, in comparative poverty. By the same will Sandy himself was compelled to supervise the Northlap stud until the blue ribbon of the 'chasing world (I hope I have that right) adorned it. Northlap, it appears, is in England, but a water-jump like the Irish Channel is nothing to Mrs. CONYERS, so we swiftly find that Sandy and his delightful wife have coaxed the trainer to move their stable to Ireland, whither Hildebrand and Araminta, bickering and suspicious, pursue them. Once amongst the bogs and heather, Mrs. CONYERS of course is at home, and the atmosphere she creates would rouse hunting-songs in the heart of a fruitarian. Even Hildebrand and Araminta, infected by the general enthusiasm, buy themselves mounts, are badly and amusingly cheated, ride to hounds, and attend the most extravagant of race-meetings; and the rest of the characters live entirely on, with or by horses, and sometimes all three at once. How it all ended, how the great victory at Aintree was won, and what happened to Hildebrand and Araminta, you must find out for yourself. The book goes with a gallop, and, if you think that the farcical fun poked at the two unfortunate bigots is somewhat out of keeping with the real comedy of Irish life which the authoress presents both with freshness and enthusiasm, well, you shouldn't have started reading an Irish sporting romance.

I have just returned from a delightful week-end. The house, called Redmarley, is a charming old place, situate, as the auctioneers say, in one of the most picturesque neighbourhoods in the Cotswolds; so there was plenty of good scenery. But my friends with whom I was staying would make any spot happy. Ffolliot is the name of them, and they are the jolliest, most companionable folk in the world. Perhaps Mr. Ffolliot (who has nerves, reads WALTER PATER and doesn't appreciate noise) might be a little bit in the way; but, as he hardly ever leaves his study, that need worry nobody. Mrs. Ffolliot is an angel—so pretty and unselfish and sympathetic that it is no wonder that her crew of delightful children simply adore her. I wish I had time to tell you more about the children. Two of them are practically grown up; indeed Mary astonished us all, at the end of my visit, by becoming engaged to a nice soldier (just when I myself was almost sure she would marry the young Radical M.P. who so admired her—but it was better as things happened). The others will miss her awfully when she goes to India. Still, the house can hardly be dull, as there are two delightful infants growing up; and meanwhile there are the Rugby twins, *Uz* and *Buz*, to keep things lively. We had great fun one evening when *Buz* dressed up as a Suffragette and interviewed young Mr. Gallup about votes for women—and I must say the latter took the joke very well. But then everybody in or near Redmarley is like that. Would you care to meet them all for yourself? Then buy Mr. L. ALLEN HARKER's new book. It is called, quite simply, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* (MURRAY), and I pity you if you don't end by regarding every character in it as a personal friend.

FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON (Mrs. HARROD) is up against people in general, and it is possible that people in general, having read *The Horrible Man* (STANLEY PAUL), will be up against FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON. The story itself I liked, and so will others who can tolerate the sudden intervention of the supernatural in everyday affairs. It is the study of a young girl's soul, pure, passionate but immature; her encounters with every sort of man, and her occasional metamorphosis into an eerie white hound. I do not complain bitterly of the frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. HARROD at the age of eleven, nor of the quotation on the fly-leaf: "Read it . . . It is so beautiful!" nor yet of the dedication, "To my beloved son, ROY HARROD, Scholar" (as were so many of us and mostly to our private shame). These things and a certain affectation of style, imitative of the Meredithian manner, may be forgiven in a work ingenious, at any rate, if not clever. The trouble lies in its wholesale and almost malicious attacks on humanity in general and the masculine part of it in particular. As a sex we are learning to bear with fortitude our detractors' trick of citing the bully, the seducer and the common cheat as typical of us; what we cannot stomach is the effeminate creature held up to us as the model man. (Malleson, Grey and Stuart were

all so lacking in fibre that they had better have been women.) Further, to condemn the whole British aristocracy as "ill-bred," and to applaud "the beautiful women who by night walk up and down Piccadilly" as noble, if guilty of some "childish naughtiness," is too much. These and its many other sweeping but half-baked ideas will not commend the book, except perhaps to the Militants; and the more shrewd even of them will not thank Mrs. HARROD for this unconscious exposition of the absurdity and looseness of which the feminine mind is sometimes capable when it starts generalising.

I recommend Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE's *Letters to an Eton Boy* (FISHER UNWIN) to all true lovers of Eton. It is one thing to write familiarly about the Wall Game, St. Andrew's Day, Pop, Agar's Plough, Upper Club, Trials, the Winchester Match, Lord's, Rowland's and all the rest of it, and quite another to invest them, as he does, with the right atmosphere. The boy who gets the letters is in his last year. His chief correspondents are his worldly but

warm-hearted and in some ways sensible mother; his rather uncle-ish uncle, whose epistles—they are really quite Pauline—show a profound knowledge of Eton and the world, and, I might add, of boy nature; and, last and most charming, his dear and only love. As for this last it is so long ago that perhaps I have forgotten, but—do people at Eton get engaged almost as soon as they get into Pop? However, *n'importe*. For, to tell the truth, *Lettice Ambrose* is to my mind the making of the book. There are two other episodes in the boy's life—one connected with a married lady with a past, the other with a visit to a night club in London—which seem rather out of place in a school story,

or, as perhaps I ought to say, rather unusual. For, as Mr. STONE treats them, they are perfectly innocent and natural, and they helped to produce some of *Lettice's* letters, which are a delightful revelation of modern girlhood. Mr. STONE has in fact woven into his book of school-life a pleasant little picture of a healthy romantic attachment, without any of the stale old nonsense of headmasters' daughters and the like which makes one wonder if the writers have ever seen the inside of a public school.

"Every precaution was taken to guard during the day the platform used by the Royal party. A special posse of police was on duty, and no one without a special permit was allowed to step on them."

Manchester Evening News.

The rush for permits must have been terrific, even among quite respectable citizens.

Extract from an Essay on the Founding of Rome:—

"Romeo and Juliet quarrelled about which hill to build Rome on. Romeo saw twelve vultures and Juliet saw six, but Juliet saw them first. So Romeo killed Juliet and built Rome on his hill, and that is why it is called Rome."

However, the ghost of Juliet had her revenge when the great CÆSAR was called JULIUS out of compliment to her.



THE WEAK POINT.

First Player. "HOW MANY HAVE YOU TAKEN?"

Second Player. "ELEVEN. HOW MANY 'VE YOU?"

First Player. "ONLY TEN; BUT YOU'LL WIN THE HOLE. I'M SO BOTTEN WHEN IT COMES TO THE SHORT GAME."